Excalibur

Merlin
Zine
2023

Excalibur

Congratulations
on acquiring the
Excalibur Merlin Zine!

Thank you to the wonderful artists and writers who put lots of love and determination into these works. We hope you enjoy them as much as we have!

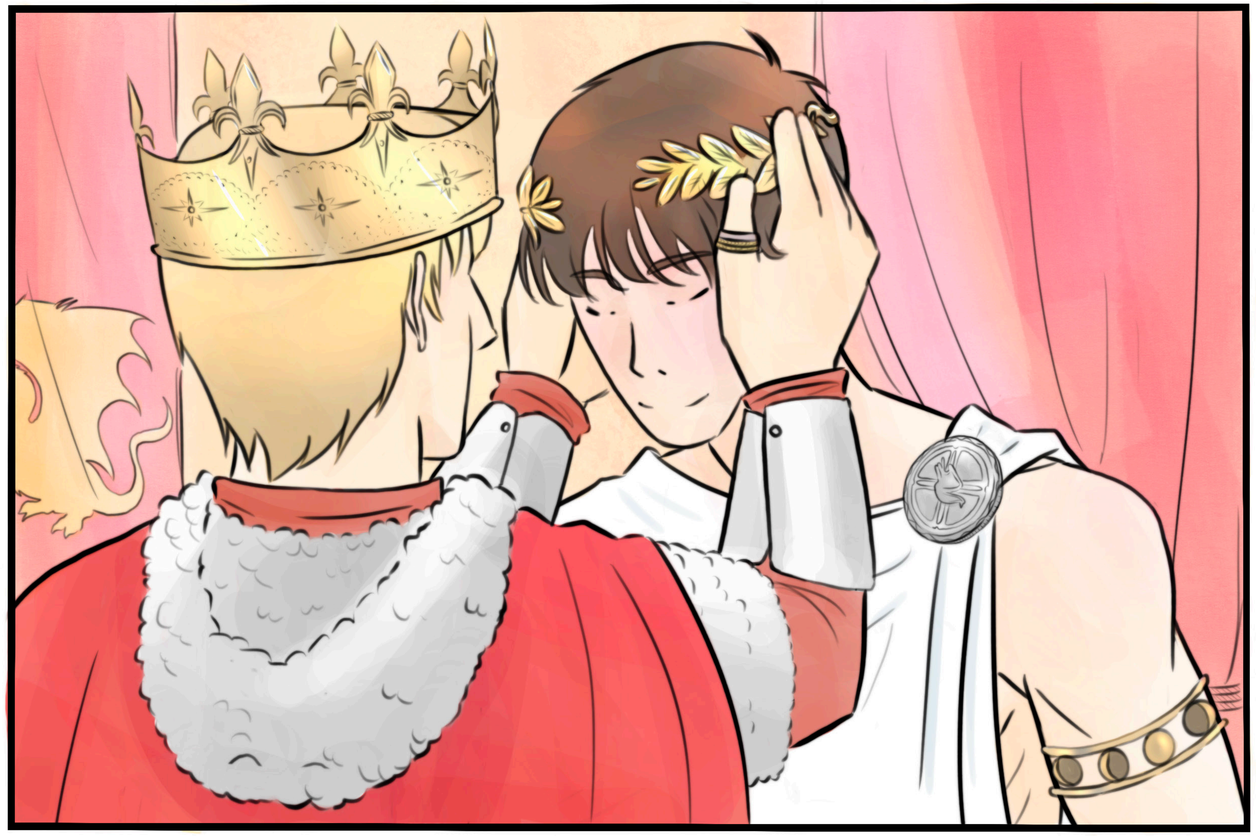
Thank you also to the entire Merlin community, which refuses to let this fandom die.

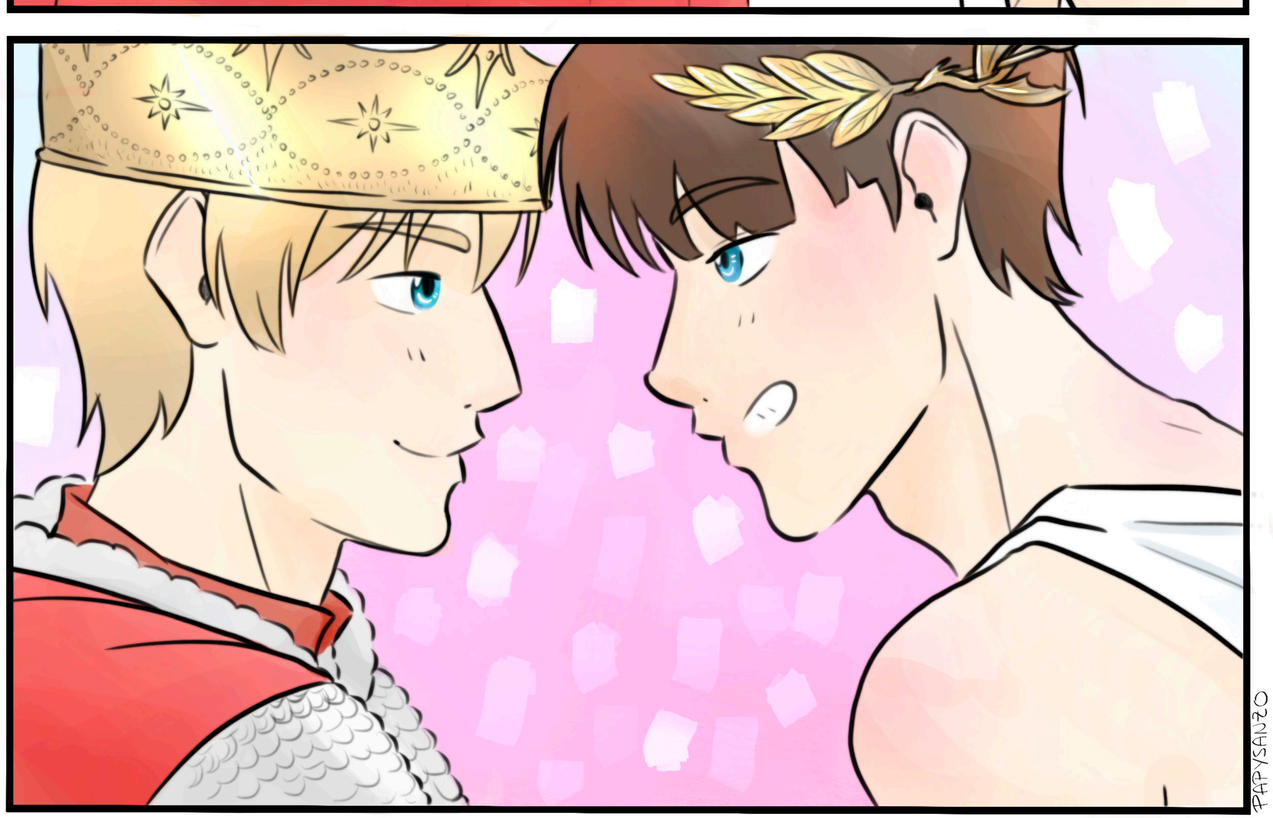
Best wishes,

Mod Cris

sorccy '23

Stelle





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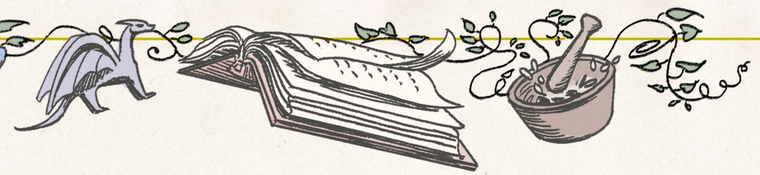


Nevertheless, We Grow

by mj

When Gaius had sworn off his magic after Uther banned it all from the kingdom, he'd (perhaps foolishly) believed that that would be the end of it. He had done what he could to help his friends escape, had said goodbye to his Alice with a heavy heart. He had stood at Uther's shoulder as he raised Arthur and later Morgana, and had likely done more than his fair share of raising them himself.

And then came Morgana's dreams.

At first, Gaius had done his best to ignore them, advising that she do the same. It had hurt him to lie to her, concealing the truth, but it kept her safe.

But ignoring dreams does not make them stop. And when a child loses her confidant, she searches for another. Gaius should have expected that confidant to be her brother - though neither child knew it.

Though Uther disapproved and made it well known, Arthur, four-

teen years old, took to sleeping on the floor in Morgana's room, clutching the sword he had recently been given and waking every time she screamed.

The bright steel had no hope against the threat she faced, but it helped Arthur feel as if he was able to help in some way, and Morgana to know that she wasn't alone.

Days turned to weeks turned to a month, and Uther finally grew impatient enough with both children to turn to Gaius.

"Fix this," he snapped, still angered over Arthur falling asleep earlier that day in a council meeting that a child shouldn't be able to sit through anyways. "Or I will."

Uther's method, Gaius knew, would be more along the lines of locking Arthur in his room under guard and letting Morgana scream it out. Her sleep would be worse, but Arthur's would improve, or so would be his logic. Gaius was well aware that it was more likely both of them would be worse - Arthur being unable to soothe his protective urges, and Morgana at the loss of comfort he provided, however small it might be.

So Gaius took it as permission, knowing full well how dangerous that was for him and the children, and went to Morgana's chambers that night.

Arthur was already there, dressed in his nightclothes, settling down into the pile of blankets he had made on the floor with his hand wrapped around the hilt of his sword. Morgana lay in bed. Both chil-

dren had bags under their eyes and listlessly looked up at his arrival, exhaustion taking its toll on them.

Gaius swallowed back his anger and sorrow. They were *children*. In a just world, Morgana would not be tormented by nightmares she couldn't understand; Arthur wouldn't take an adult's responsibility to step up and comfort her when everyone else available refused to do so. Gaius had spent all the years of Arthur's life quietly disagreeing with Uther's parenting choices and yet still stood by and simply watched it happen.

As much as he would like to blame Uther for the situation, Gaius knew he had an equal part of it. Uther may not like to admit it, but Gaius was the closest thing either child had to a second parent.

Parents did not have the luxury of ignoring their children during bad stages and parading them around during good ones.

That was, parents that weren't kings.

"Arthur, lad," Gaius said softly. He was about to turn two worlds upside down, and the last thing he wanted was Arthur hurting himself or someone else in the immediate shock after the revelation. "Could I put that sword over here?"

He gestured to Morgana's table, then waited for an answer. Arthur regarded him with suspicion (and that hurt more than Gaius expected, truly, but after weeks of Uther's disapproval, he couldn't blame the boy for it). Finally, the boy held the grip out to him and Gaius took it, setting it on the table and turning back to the children.

"I have something to tell you," he said, "I'm sorry to have kept it to

myself for so long. Before I say anything else, I must ask you to trust me, and to not tell the king about this."

"Keeping secrets?" Morgana asked, brow furrowing.

"From Father?" Arthur continued. Gaius could see the fear rush through him at the thought, and for a moment he cursed Uther and all that he had stood by and watched the man do to his only son.

"Yes," Gaius confirmed softly. He didn't want to scare them, but he knew that Uther, though he had pardoned the magic that Gaius had once performed in his service, would have him put to death without a second thought if he knew what Gaius was about to reveal to his children. "Arthur, do you remember the stories I told you when you were young?"

He'd taken a risk every time he had done so - the boy was three, four, five, still young enough that a question from his father could have doomed Gaius. And yet he had been unable to help himself, telling Arthur fairytales, the sweet children's versions of stories where magic was kind and the good always outweighed the bad by the end. Eventually, the boy was old enough that Uther had begun spending more time with him and Gaius had let those tales fall to the wayside, telling Arthur more about knights and their daring exploits, up until the age where it was decided he was too old for bedtime stories.

"Like the knight and the princess in the tower?" Arthur asked.

"Younger than that," Gaius prodded. Arthur's face scrunched up in concentration.

"I suppose," he said slowly. "The ones you told me to keep secret from Father…"

His eyes widened in realisation and his gaze darted around the room, checking the doors and looking to Morgana before settling back on Gaius.

"The ones about magic," Arthur breathed. His hands clenched in his blankets. "Gaius, why would you tell me stories about magic?"

"Hope," Gaius allowed himself to admit. "Hope that one day you would grow up and know that while magic can be dangerous, it can also be good. That you would realise that magic itself is just a tool to be wielded in the hands of a person who will make that choice of using it for good or for evil."

Both children were silent. Gaius couldn't tell what they were thinking, but surely it was a good sign that neither of them was denying his words. Yes, he had taken away Arthur's sword, but there were still guards outside the doors, and all it would take was a scream from either of the children and Gaius' life would be over.

"I need your word that you will not tell the king," Gaius pressed again. "If, after tonight, either of you wants to speak of this again, we will not. But Uther can never know."

He can tell by their faces that it needs no explanation.

"Why are you telling us this?" Morgana asked. She was slowly shifting closer to the edge of the bed on the side Arthur lay by. If they reached out, their hands would easily link together.

"Your dreams," Gaius said simply. Both small faces whitened with fear.

"You mean, they're magic?" Morgana spoke again.

Though it tightened his chest, Gaius remained silent this time. It held as several moments passed. Finally, Morgana's hand dropped off the side of her bed. Arthur reached up and took it.

"We swear," they said quietly, together.

"They are," Gaius responded to her question. "At least, I believe so."

"Everyone tells me they're only dreams," Morgana's voice was nearly a whine, tears appearing in her eyes. "But the things I see, they come true."

"They're usually bad things," Arthur continued quietly. Their hands, clutched together, were white with tension. "She saw it happen the time I sparred with Knight Reynard and he nearly cut my arm off."

The memory of that fight still made Gaius' veins sing with fury. Arthur had been twelve and still unused to fighting with live steel, but Uther had insisted that he spar with the knight over twice his age. Arthur had done his best, but Gaius had been forced to step in and call an end to the fight when the knight's sword had cut deep into the boy's arm and Uther had shown no sign of stopping it himself. The boy had been unconscious for three days and was met only with Uther's disapproval when he woke up.

"They frighten you," Gaius said to her quietly, earning himself a nod. Gently, as kind as he can, he continued, "They won't stop."

But Morgana didn't break down and weep; her face only fell, a confirmation of something he could tell she already knew to be true.

"But I can help you," he continued. Yes, his knowledge was rusty after almost 15 years of disuse, but he was her best chance. One day Uther would be gone, and Camelot would only grow more insular and distrusting if his grudge were carried on for multiple generations. Gaius refused to bear the sight of this child he loved hate a part of herself due to events beyond her control. "Teach you to know when the dreams are coming, how badly they might affect you."

He turned to Arthur then, including the boy in his next words. "Both of you can learn ways to tell others about the dreams without revealing where they came from, ways to try and prevent those bad things from happening."

Gaius could tell from Morgana's face that she was close to overwhelmed, that she would need time to think and process before he continued any further. Arthur, despite his own emotions, seemed to have noticed too. With a huff, he abandoned his blankets on the floor and climbed into his sister's bed, curling around her without eliciting a protest. Indeed, Morgana burrowed further into his embrace, gladly taking the comfort he offered.

"Prove it," Arthur demanded. Gaius raised his eyebrows in question. Arthur sighed. "Prove that magic can be good, then."

Gaius cast around the room for an idea, something that he would be able to do easily even after all this time out of practice. Alighting on a small figurine of a cat Morgana had on her desk, he smiled.

With a few muttered words, the cat uncurled, stretching with a yawn and prowling about the surface. Both children watched with gaping mouths.

The awe didn't last long. It fell victim to startled laughter when the cat attempted to leap down to the floor and Gaius half-dove to catch it, seeing as how it was still fully made of stone. The last thing he wanted was anything shattering.

With it secure in his arms, Gaius moved closer to the bed, finally allowing it to jump down and walk towards the children. Their eyes were starry and bright. Hope lit a flame in Gaius' chest.

"I want to learn to do that," Morgana declared. Arthur's eyes flicked between her, Gaius, and the cat.

"Fine," he grumbled at last, tentatively allowing the cat to sniff at his fingers. "As long as it's safe. And I want to know exactly what you teach her."

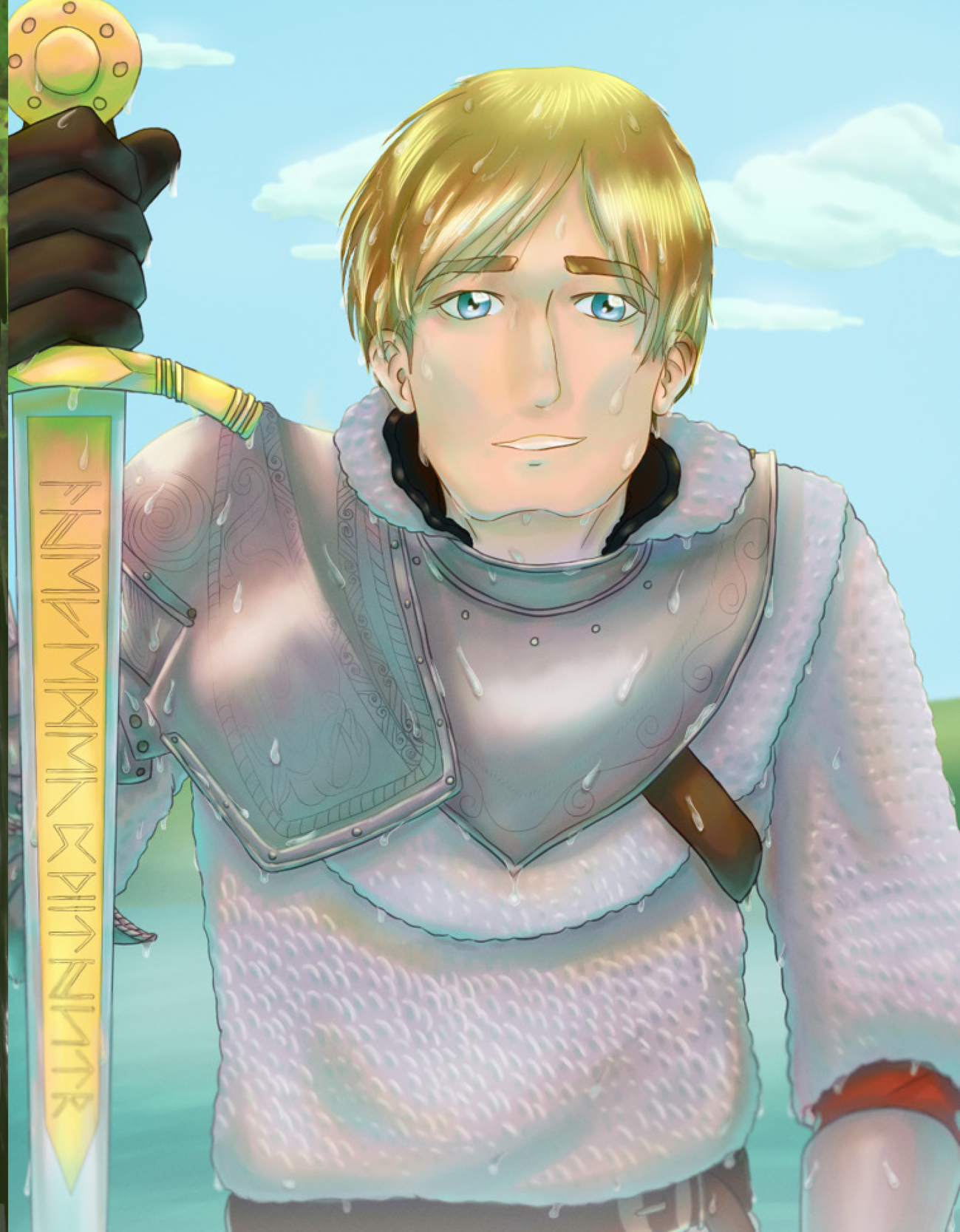
Gaius agreed, scarcely able to believe that the words were leaving his mouth after so long.

There, in the heart of Camelot, under the long shadow of its king, Gaius watched magic flower and *thrive*.

Q

Q

Stelle



For Arthur

by Valerie Hunter

You're not a fool, despite what some might think. You've realized, after years of deadly situations—being blasted, poisoned, set ablaze—that you are more than lucky.

Of course immortality isn't something you can admit to. It's not even something you can be certain of, not completely. It's a theory you dare not test, something you live with in the back of your head. You wish you could unknow it; you wish you could do something with it.

Because really, what's the point of being immortal when everyone around you isn't? What's the point of believing you can't be mortally wounded when you have a mother, a mentor, friends, and a king who do not share your gift? You would give anything for them, but it will never be enough. You can never give them life, can just keep fighting, fighting, fighting in the name of a destiny that can't be changed. What does it really matter if you can come back to life when any of their deaths can crush you?

But that's not the point, is it? *You're* not the point. This has always been Arthur's story, and your fate has always been braided with his, twined so tight that it can never be undone. You lie for him, make yourself look idiotic for him, ignore all sorts of fears and dangers for him. And that's how you find yourself deep in the forest, eluding friendship and safety in order to meet with Finna.

For a moment you allow yourself to believe she's just the help you need, that this will all go smoothly, and then the trees are awash with Morgana's men, and you're not fast enough, not good enough, never, never enough.

As the arrow lodges between your ribs, it's almost a relief. No one expects much of an injured man. But relief turns quickly to pain and panic. Maybe you can't die, but you can be captured, discovered, tortured, and that can't be allowed to happen. You have Finna to think of, and Arthur, always Arthur—

You get moving, using your sword as a crutch, pulling yourself along. Every step is excruciating, but there's no time to feel sorry for yourself, no time to feel anything but the burning pain and the ever-present desperation.

You can't remember ever bleeding like this before, all the strength draining out of you, all the magic. You listen to Finna, follow her, do as she tells you. She seems so sure of herself as she directs you where to go. She's spent her life hiding; she knows the perfect spot.

You've hidden in plain sight for so long that you want to laugh at the thought of secreting yourself away like this, but of course it's not

funny. Of course you can't allow Morgana to find you, to find out what you are. Of course there are fates worse than death.

You stagger into the tower room, listen swimmy-headed as Finna tells you to keep going, that she will sacrifice herself for you. You try to protest, but you can see the sense in her plan even as you hate it. You have to survive, have to escape Morgana, for the sake of the kingdom. For Arthur.

Finna talks of hope and it seems to shine out of her eyes, so radiant and awe-inspiring that it makes your own eyes water. You wish you could absorb it, drink it in. Any hope you had has already bled out of you.

You haul yourself up to the roof. Every movement hurts, but the cowardice of it feels far worse. You gave Finna your sword, and you wish you could have given her more, wish you could have given up your fate to fight with her. Instead she will be just another person you couldn't save. They weigh on you, those people. You feel buried beneath their bodies, and you know they'll always be with you no matter how many centuries you live.

When you reach the roof, you're almost gone. Suppose you were mistaken about all those other times; suppose you really were just lucky, and this time you won't be? It all plays out muzzily in your mind, how your body will molder up here on the roof till you're naught but a skeleton. Is there magic in your bones? It won't matter. No one will know where you are. No one will find you.

With the last bit of strength you have, you call for Kilgharrah. You're not thinking clearly, you just know you can't bear to die alone.

Everything's gone black, but you can hear barking, shouting, hoof beats, and then, finally, the beat of wings. You will not die alone, unfound.

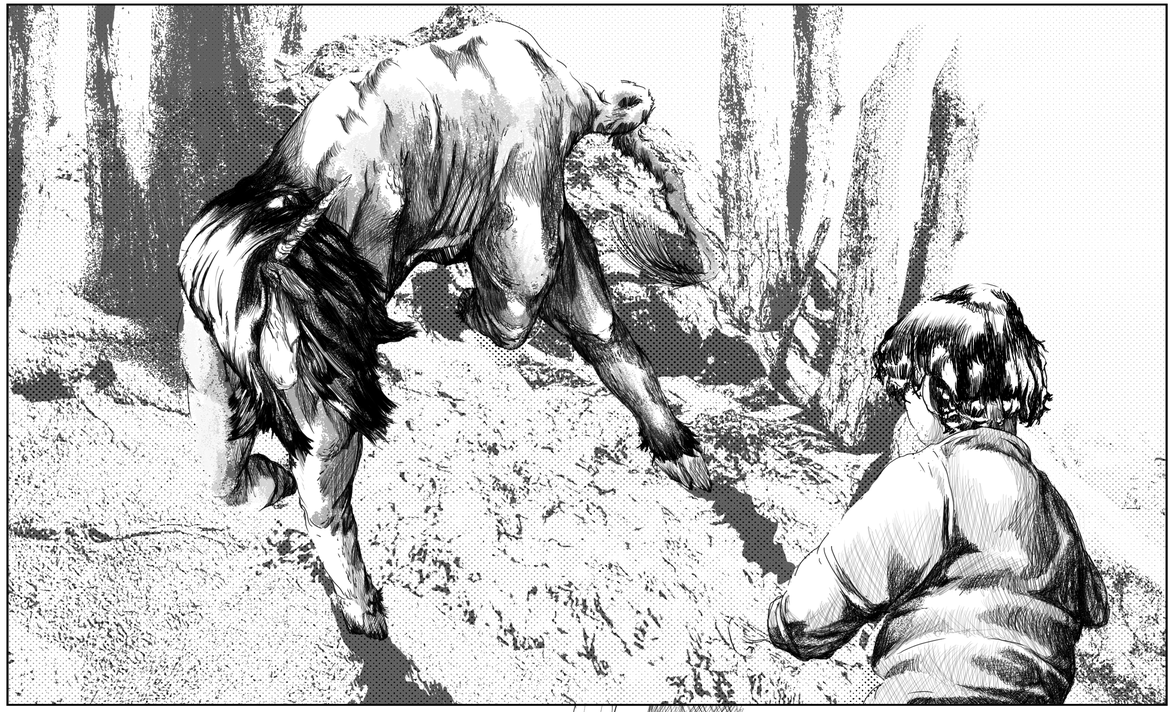
The next thing you know, you're awake on the ground, the sun bright overhead. Was it all just a terrible nightmare? You feel wrung out, but there's no pain, no blood. As though nothing happened at all.

You thank Kilgharrah, attempt a smile, a laugh. If you pretend hard enough, you can avoid thinking about Finna, about everything that has happened, that will happen. But you can't pretend not to notice how frail and unwell the dragon looks, can't help but comment on it.

Kilgharrah admits he's dying, talking about the cycle of life as easily as Finna talked about sacrificing herself for you. And all you can think about is your own unnatural life, the cycle of your future—losing everyone you love, whether it's sooner or later, because you've been cursed with immortality and they have not.

You want to ask Kilgharrah how he's managed; he may not be immortal, but he's lived so long, lost so much. But now is not the time for curiosity, nor solace. It is not the time to mourn for Finna, who's already dead, or Kilgharrah, who soon will be. It's not the time for despair, however much you can feel it rising inside you like floodwater.

No. You can't give in. You have a destiny to fulfill, a king to protect, and you mean to protect him. It doesn't matter how many times you die in the process, nor how much you have to live with afterwards. You'll do it, because you must. For Arthur.



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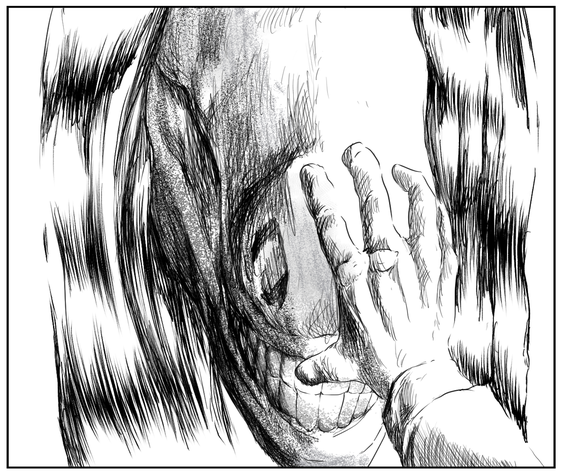

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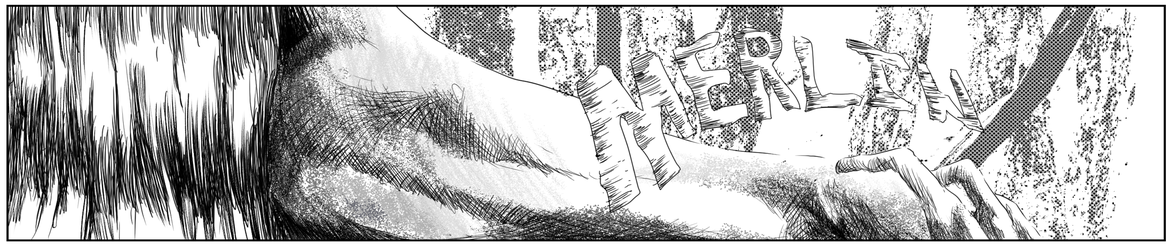

Father No!

Father what have you

MERLIN

what deliberation hast thou Violence sought?

have you prepared for your own to starve?

Killing a Unicorn

I hope the crown Becomes's not heavy under the weight of the judgment you make on behest of your people

Come on

How'd you know?

by Jessie

Chat Noir leapt from rooftop to rooftop, lingering in the shadows, watching as Merlin walked through the darkened streets of Paris like nothing had ever ailed him. He whistled merrily as he went along, the sound only audible to Chat Noir because of his magically enhanced hearing. He wasn't sure if he was grateful for the enhanced ability now though, as the song that Merlin whistled grated against his nerves.

The jackass was whistling the theme from the 1992 Batman: The Animated Series. Merlin had made Gwaine binge watch as much of the first season as they could during their last sleepover.

Chat Noir scowled. Merlin was deliberately being an asshole, letting him know that he knew he was being followed and that he knew Gwaine's secret identity.

Merlin strolled carelessly down the street, whistling his asshole music, grinning like an asshole, and seeming genuinely unbothered by what

an asshole he was being. Probably because he knew his superhero boyfriend was stalking him and even if he was being annoying, no harm would be allowed to come to him.

As Chat Noir watched, no less dedicated to being stealthy for all that he knew that his target was aware of him, Merlin stopped at Andre the ice cream man's cart and purchased two ice creams. Chat Noir sighed heavily. Merlin turned and strolled down a pedestrian bridge and sat on an empty bench. For a moment Chat Noir fantasized about leaving him there with two ice creams, but then Merlin reached out a finger and crooked it at him and Chat Noir leaped down from the roof and approached his boyfriend.

"Hey Gwaine," he said casually as Chat Noir landed beside him.

"I'm not Gwaine."

"Okay, Gwaine." He patted the bench beside him.

Chat Noir -who definitely, most certainly, was Gwaine, and who was very pissed off that his boyfriend had managed to figure him out after meeting Chat Noir one time- sat down.

He begrudgingly took the ice cream that his boyfriend had bought for him and ate it as angrily as he could, ignoring Merlin's smug smirk.

"How did you know?" He asked eventually, instead of answering when Merlin asked if he'd done the biology homework yet.

"That you hadn't done the biology homework? You never do, you're about to be kicked off the fencing team for bad grades."

"No not the- *Merlin!* I know you know what I meant!"

"*Oh!*" Merlin said, feigning an epiphany. "You mean how did I know that you're Chat Noir?"

"Yes!" Chat Noir hissed.

"It's pretty obvious, you're wearing cat ears and everything."

"*Merlin!*"

"*Chat!*"

"Quit playing around this is serious!"

"I'm being very serious! If you don't want people to know you're Chat Noir you shouldn't go around in black leather with a little cat bell at your throat!" He reached out and tinkled the bell for emphasis.

"Merlin!" Gwaine snapped again, trying to sound stern. "I need to know how you figured me out. It's important. Whatever I did wrong that made you realize, I need to fix it so that Hawkmoth can't figure me out."

"I don't think Hawkmoth can identify you using the method I used."

"Out of the two of us, who do you think has interacted with Hawkmoth more? Maybe you should let me be the judge of the methods he can and cannot use to identify a teenage superhero."

"No, I think I'm right on this one, actually. And it's more fun not telling you."

"Merlin, this isn't a game!"

"That's where you're wrong, Gwaine. It is a game, and you're losing." Merlin leaned over, shit eating grin spreading across his lips as he placed a gentle kiss to Gwaine's mouth. "It's your turn to buy ice cream next time."

Merlin stooped back down to pick up his shopping, something he'd picked up for Gaius if the herbal logo on the bag was anything to go by, and strode away. He hummed this time, still the blasted Batman song. Chat Noir swore under his breath.

Merlin was definitely aware that Gwaine was staring at him. Several other people were also very aware. Most of the people who were very aware that weren't Merlin appeared to find the situation very amusing, with the acception of Arthur, who thought he was being creepy. All around him Merlin could hear the speculation that they'd had an argument, or broken up, or that Gwaine was simply that lovestruck for Merlin.

Merlin ignored all the low-toned speculation, working quietly on his notes for the lesson.

"He's going to wear your skin as a dress," Arthur hissed.

"I'm not his color," Merlin retorted easily. Gwaine snorted in a very loud and undignified way that drew the teacher's attention and earned him a scolding.

Keep your cool, Gwaine. You need to figure out how he figured you out, he told himself.

If Merlin had picked up on some strange hint in his behavior, some minute mannerism that Gwaine wasn't aware of, then maybe he could do the same with Merlin, and figure out how he had figured out.

It wasn't going well, but, well, he'd had worse plans. (Something Mister Bug was never shy about reminding him of. 'The Euphonium Incident' had become infamous among the Mister Bug and Chat Noir fandom. It even had its own page on the Ladyblog.)

So Gwaine set about stalking his boyfriend, knowing that he didn't mind, if his chipper attitude and his smug whistling of the Batman theme was any indication. In fact, Merlin seemed to be enjoying all the attention he was receiving from his boyfriend, albeit distantly.

The surveillance was causing himself a lot more trouble than it seemed to be causing Merlin anyway. He'd heard the word leering thrown around since he'd started his surveillance, and he'd been told off by teachers more than once, only barely managing to do enough to avoid being sent to the principal's office. Not that he cared all that much about that.

Still, he gets his ass handed to him during fencing practice while Merlin isn't even paying attention to him. When it becomes clear Merlin isn't going to bother looking up from his homework at all Gwaine gives himself a break and allows himself to focus on redeeming himself from his embarrassing display earlier. When he finally defeats Arthur and looks up again at Merlin he finds the boy having decided to take a

nap, curled up on the uncomfortable bench using his backpack as a pillow and Gwaine can't help but chuckle.

When he'd first moved to this school, he'd thought to impress the cute boy who watched all their fencing practices, but found Merlin utterly unswayed by his hard-won skills. At first he'd thought it because the boy was always flanked by either Arthur or Lancelot-sometimes both- who were both extremely gifted- and that he must be much harder to impress. After several weeks of utterly failing to attain Merlin's interest, Gwaine stumbled upon his answer quite by accident.

An absolutely enormous girl with arm muscles the size of Gwaine's neck was bullying a boy in the grade below Gwaine he'd stepped in, knowing that he was probably going to get his ass beat but unable to stand idly by as the young boy was brought to tears. The older girl had struck him so hard that he saw stars, but when his vision cleared Merlin was crouching in front of him, surveying the damage with a shrewd eye.

As Merlin gently placed ice against Gwaine's sore eye he gently- but firmly- told him to hold it there while he retrieved his 'healing salve'. It turned out that Merlin's guardian was an apothecary and that Merlin was training as his apprentice. Merlin carefully dabbed the ointment on Gwaine's face, eyes full of respect and admiration, and Gwaine realized that the way to Merlin's heart had been defending someone who needed help, and that Merlin didn't care much about fighting at all.

Further discussion with Merlin, including being introduced into his slim circle of friends (met with warmth by Lancelot, suspicion by Arthur) confirmed his theories- that what Merlin cared about was that someone had a heart of giving and protection. It was just a coincidence

that all his friends were ripped. (He suspected that Merlin wasn't complaining about that, though.)

Training ended and Gwaine crossed the room to the now groggily stirring Merlin, glad, suddenly, that Merlin knew he was Chat Noir, so that it might delay the inevitable realization that he was far too good for Gwaine.

"Hey there sleepy head," he said, grinning. He leaned down to kiss Merlin on the cheek. "I still need to know how you know I'm Chat Noir." he murmured in his ear, hoping to catch him off guard.

"You'll have to kill me first," Merlin mumbled, a sleepy smile stretching across his face.

Merlin was huddled down behind a large statue, having been placed there by Chat Noir, and was getting ready for a long and uncomfortable crouch. At least he had a good view of the fight. Chat Noir was battling it out with Darkblade, and it was a pleasure to watch. While Merlin didn't really care all that much about fencing, being close with three championship fencers came with the ability to recognize good form and rare talent. And it was clear after only a few moves that Chat Noir was just such a talent, on par perhaps with even Arthur.

If someone wanted to figure out his identity it might be so simple as to go down the list of youth championship title holders- assuming Chat Noir was the type to compete. Some weren't, after all. Lancelot competed only to please their teacher, after all. Not that Merlin planned on trying to find out who Chat Noir was, he believed the boy had a right to privacy, after all. But he really was skilled.

Not to mention funny. During the whole very intense match between superhero and supervillain, Chat Noir kept up a running foul-mouthed commentary of trash talk, no doubt relishing in his small audience. Normally he and Mister Bug attempted to remain 'wholesome' and 'good role models' for the children of Paris, (Chat Noir with more than a little grumbling.)

He leaned more of his weight against the stone statue in an attempt to watch more comfortably. Not even ten seconds later he nearly slipped and fell from shock.

Darkblade and Chat Noir met blade for blade, stroke for stroke, and Chat Noir had spun his hand around twice and flicked his wrist to the side, flinging Darkblade's sword to the side and dropping Merlin's jaw. He'd only ever seen that move performed by one other person, and the odds of it being a coincidence seemed very low.

And the more he thought about it the more it made sense. Chat Noir was the right height and build, the moves, the laugh- which Merlin felt stupid for not recognizing it sooner.

He was dating Chat Noir.

He tested his theory out in several ways. He called Chat Noir "an absolute hunk" where Gwaine could hear him and noted the way he

preened while he thought Merlin wasn't looking but pretended to be jealous when he was. He approached Chat Noir and thanked him for the rescue after an attack, and made an unflattering joke about Gwaine and received an unexplained cold shoulder later that afternoon. (Merlin made it up to Gwaine the very next day).

And finally there was no doubt left in his mind.

"Thanks for saving me, Gwaine!" Merlin had said to Chat Noir, watching in amusement as Gwaine blue screened. He grinned triumphantly before planting a kiss on Chat Noir's lips and scampering away.

Their little game was so fun. Gwaine had given up trying to stalk Merlin for the answers and instead had started trying to jumpscare the information out of him. He successfully startled Merlin quite often, but he never actually gave away his secret. He was holding tightly onto the information for this reason: there would only be one opportunity to tell Gwaine how he figured him out, and he wanted to make it memorable. Still, he could tell Gwaine was losing patience, so he took inspiration from a comic book and started building up his courage.

He decided during their Valentine's Day date that tonight was the night, and he steeled himself as Gwaine was kissing him goodnight under the stoop.

Gwaine pulled back slightly to murmur against his lips, "How did you know I'm Chat Noir?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Merlin replied, fighting back the flush that threatened to overtake him at the very thought of the lie he'd decided on. "I could pick that ass out of a line up." He gave Gwaine's backside a quick pat before fleeing as fast as possible into the darkened house behind them, burying his face in his hands once the door was shut.

On the other side of the door, standing motionless in shock, Gwaine muttered to himself, "What the fuck?"

@MxCosmic

G4RHS 2023

hot-house-orchid

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